

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparat iue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold to God thou and I knew where a con modity of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, & yet hee talkt wisely and in the street too.

*Prince* Thou didst wel, for wisdome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a saint: thou hast don much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgieue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince* Where shall we take a purse to morrow lacke?

*Fals.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prince* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purse taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter poines.*

*Poines.* Now shall we know, if Gads hil haue set a match, O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him: this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poines.* Goodmorrow sweet *Hal*! What sayes Monsieur remorse? what sayes sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Lacke? how agrees the diuell & thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a colde Capons legg?

*Prin.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for hee was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due

*Poines.*

*Poines.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd for Cosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offrings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues. Gads-hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Po.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Fal.* Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the bloud royall, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then once in my daies Ile be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why thats well saide.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King

*Prince.* I care not.

*Po.* Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profitting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what he heares may be beleued, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheap.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs, to morrow. I haue a least to execute, that I cannot mannag alone, *Falstaffe*, *Haruey*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-hill* shall rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe & I wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B

*Prince.*